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FIRST READER

THE
HORACE MANN
READERS



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THE HORACE MANN READERS

FIRST READER

BY

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FOREWORD

THE Horace Mann Readers represent a serious attempt to apply educational principles to the teaching of reading.

In the First Reader, as in the Primer, the editors have sought to combine the qualities of an attractive children's book with those of a well-constructed basal school reader.

In this attempt they have been inspired by the conviction (which they share with increasing numbers of teachers) that a school reader not only *may* possess qualities of intrinsic and permanent interest, but *must* possess these qualities, under penalty of subordinating spirit to mechanism.

Reading, after all, is essentially an affair of thought, imagination, emotion, and expression. And since it is thus primarily an affair of spirit, mechanical processes, essential as they certainly are, must stand to it in the relation of means to an end. All merely mechanical methods, therefore, are both wasteful and ineffective: wasteful, in that they fail to evoke the strongest motive; ineffective, in that they fail after all to teach children really to read.

In weaving together the stories and exercises which form the First Reader, the editors have had in mind these wise and helpful words of Professor John Dewey: "The child should have a personal interest in what is read; a personal hunger for it; a personal power of satisfying the appetite."

Children of six or seven years of age have a *personal interest* in the doings of children of their own age, especially in those experiences which they can live over in make-believe and play.

They also have a personal interest in nature stories and in fables; in the forms and activities of animals; and in those trades, occupations, and social (ethical) relationships that most intimately concern themselves.

Children have a *personal hunger* for stories having continuity, development, and variety in characters and incidents; stories that appeal to curiosity, stimulate imagination and thought, and arouse emotion; continued or related stories in which familiar and favorite characters reappear; stories, moreover, illustrated with pictures that correspond accurately to the text, yet suggest more than they tell.

The "*personal power* of satisfying the appetite" is developed by all exercises that tend toward independence in reading, — exercises in which the old is presented in new relations; exercises in grouping and analyzing words of like structure, and in recombining their elements.

It is hoped that both in respect to content and method the First Reader will prove to be in harmony with the foregoing principles, — a fitting sequel to the Horace Mann Primer and a suitable introduction to the Second Reader of the same series.

Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Gelett Burgess for his kind permission to use two poems, "Goop! Goop! Goop!" and "You Who are the Oldest," from *More Goops and How Not to be Them*, published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co.; to *The Youth's Companion* for the privilege of using the "Go to Sleep Story" by Eudora Bumstead; to Messrs. Milton Bradley & Co. for permission to use "A Kitten Rhyme" by Emilie Poulsson; to The A. S. Barnes Company for permission to use "The Snow Man" by Arthur Henry, from *Song Series — Book One*. The two little poems, "Mr. Frog" and "The Wise Old Owl," from *Small Songs for Small Singers* by W. H. Neidlinger, are used by permission of G. Schirmer — copyright, 1896.

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children
happy
doll



Three happy children!
A boy, a girl, and a baby.
The boy has a dog.
The girl has a doll.
The baby has a pail.
What are they going to do?

go going play playing

dig

sand

The children are going to play.
They are going to have some fun.
They are going to dig in the sand.

The boy's name is Dick.
The girl's name is Daisy.

The baby's name is Barbara.
The dog's name is Sport.

Has the doll a name, too?
Yes, she has a name.

Her name is Elizabeth Eliza.
But Daisy calls her Bess.



What is your name?
My name is Kate.

does
fill
fort



Daisy likes to dig in the sand.
So does Baby Barbara.

Dick likes to dig in the sand.
So does little dog Sport.

Daisy is going to dig a well.
Dick is going to make a fort.

Barbara will fill her little pail.
Sport just digs, digs, digs, with his paws.

filled
made

played
dug

deep
poor

Barbara had a good time.
She played in the sand.
She filled her little pail.

Dick and Daisy had a good time.
Dick made a sand fort.
Daisy dug a deep well.

Sport had a good time, too.
He dug with his paws.

But what did Elizabeth Eliza do?
Did she have a good time?

She did not play.
She did not dig.
Poor Elizabeth Eliza!



still

Yesterday she sat in the sand.

She just sat still.

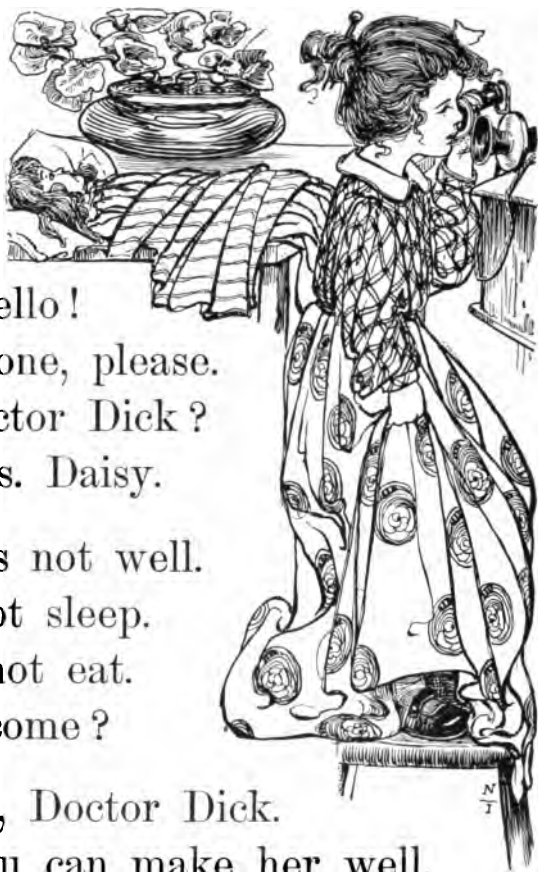
She just sits still.



She will telephone to Doctor Dick.

stop

hello
quickly
good-by
Mrs.



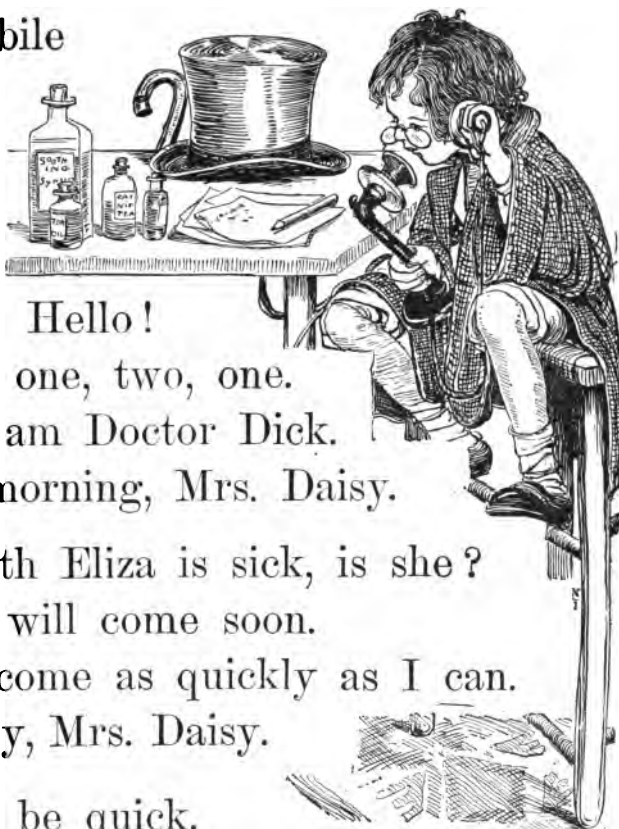
Hello! Hello!
One, two, one, please.
Is this Doctor Dick?
This is Mrs. Daisy.

My Bess is not well.
She can not sleep.
She does not eat.
Will you come?

Thank you, Doctor Dick.
I know you can make her well.
Please come as quickly as you can.
Good-by, Doctor.

Please come quickly, Doctor.

automobile
sick
quick
cane



Hello! Hello!

This is one, two, one.

Yes, I am Doctor Dick.

Good morning, Mrs. Daisy.

Elizabeth Eliza is sick, is she?

Yes, I will come soon.

I will come as quickly as I can.

Good-by, Mrs. Daisy.

I must be quick.

I must go in my automobile.

Where is my cane?

Where is my hat?

I will come as quickly as I can.

nimble

be

candle

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candle-stick.



I. TAKING APART

sick	sack	stick	stop
s ick	s ack	st ick	st op
ick	ack	st	op

II. PUTTING TOGETHER

ick	ack	ill	op
tick	tack	till	top
stick	stack	still	stop

Jump over the candle-stick.

appetite
anything
Dr.



THE DOCTOR'S CALL

Mrs. Daisy. How do you do, Dr. Dick?

Dr. Dick. How do you do, Mrs. Daisy?

Mrs. D. You have come quickly.

Dr. D. I came in my automobile.

How is the sick baby?

Mrs. D. She has no appetite, Doctor.

Dr. D. No appetite?

Mrs. D. She will not eat anything.

wink

door

seaside

Dr. D. How does she sleep ?

Mrs. D. She can not sleep at all.

She did not sleep a wink all night.

Dr. D. Did not sleep a wink ?

Was she out of doors yesterday ?

Mrs. D. Yes, Doctor.

We were out of doors all day.

Dr. D. Where did you go ?

Mrs. D. We went to the seaside.

Dr. D. It was a beautiful day to be at
the seaside.

Did Elizabeth Eliza play in the sand ?

Mrs. D. No, Doctor.

She did not play.

She just sat still in the sand.

Baby did not sleep a wink.

warm

keep

perhaps

chill



Dr. D. Perhaps that is why she is ill.
She may have had a chill.

Mrs. D. Is Bess very ill, Doctor?

Dr. D. She is ill, but not very ill.

Mrs. D. What can I do for her?

I will do anything to make her well.

Dr. D. Put her to bed.

Keep her warm.

Keep her still.

You must keep her very warm.

because

to-morrow

by



Mrs. D. But she can not sleep, Doctor.

Dr. D. That is because she is not sleepy.

She will be sleepy by and by.

Then she will go to sleep.

Mrs. D. Why won't she eat, Doctor?

Dr. D. Because she is not hungry.

She will be hungry to-morrow.

Then she will eat.

She will be sleepy by and by.

when peas porridge hope

Mrs. D. What may Bess eat, Doctor ?

Dr. D. What does she like ?

Mrs. D. When she is well, she likes
hot peas porridge.

Dr. D. Then you may feed her peas
porridge hot.

Mrs. D. Very well, Doctor.

Dr. D. I must go now.
I will come to-morrow.
When I come to-morrow,
I hope to see Elizabeth
Eliza almost well.

Mrs. D. Thank you, Dr. Dick.

Dr. D. Good-by, Mrs. Daisy.

Mrs. D. Good-by, Dr. Dick.



Feed her hot peas porridge.

bill

shook

pay

dolly



THE DOCTOR AND THE DOLL

Said Daisy, "My dolly
Is sick, sick, sick.
Then run for the doctor
Quick, quick, quick."

He came with his cane,
And he came with his hat,
He came to the door
With a *rat, tat, tat!*



He looked at the doll,
And he shook his head.
Then said, "You must put her
To bed, bed, bed."



You must keep her very warm,
And very, very still.
And when I come to-morrow,
You will please pay my bill."



I. TAKING APART

she	shake	shook	sheep
sh e	sh ake	sh ook	sh eep
sh	ake	ook	eep

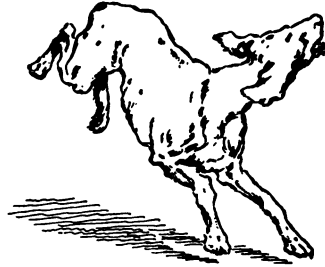
II. PUTTING TOGETHER

op	ake	ook	eep
shop	take	took	steep
stop	stake	look	sleep

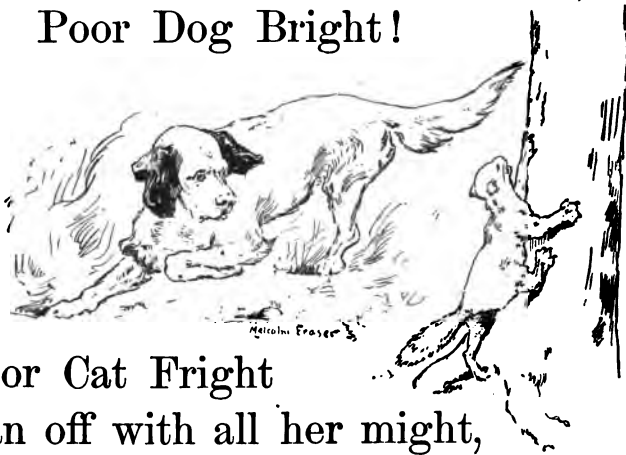
off



fright



Poor Dog Bright
Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after him;
Poor Dog Bright!



Poor Cat Fright
Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after her;
Poor Cat Fright!

stand

stay

hill

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops
You all stand still.

When the wind blows
You all go away —
White sheep, white sheep,
Why won't you stay?

still	why	blow	won't
stay	white	blue	didn't
stand	when	black	doesn't

*White sheep, white sheep,
Why won't you stay?*



WHITE SHEEP ON A BLUE HILL

watch

alive

doggie

drop

A NEW TRICK

Drop it, Rover. Drop it.
There! Good dog!

Now, look alive!
Watch the ball!
One, two, three!



Here, Rover, come to me.
Bring the ball to me.
Now, drop it, I say.
Good dog! Good old Rover!



Now, Rover, watch me.
This is a new trick.
Jump, Rover, jump!
Over the stick! Over!
Jump over it, Rover!
There! You are a good old doggie.



pleased
stroke
soft
fur

silky
pur



Malcolm Fraser

A CAT'S TALE

I am a cat, and I am pretty.
I know I am pretty because Dorothy
says so.

My fur is very soft and silky.
I lick it all over every day.
Dorothy likes to stroke my fur.
I like to have her stroke it.
When she strokes my fur, I pur.
I pur because I am pleased.
Do you pur when you are pleased?

pleased filled played pulled

hurt
thing

sharp
any

better
hidden

Do you see my paw?

It is very soft, is it not?



But I keep sharp things hidden there.

Do you know what the sharp things
are?

Do you keep sharp things hidden in
your paws?

One day Dorothy hurt me.

That was when she was a very little
girl.

She did not know any better.

She pulled my tail.

I said, Miow! Miow!

But she did not stop.

Then I hurt her.

I just had to hurt her.



dame

side

chat



DAME TROT AND HER CAT

Dame Trot and her cat

Sat down to chat.

The dame sat on this side,

And Puss sat on that.

chick

chill

chat

chin

ch

listen

hark

dark

“Puss,” said the dame,

“Now listen, now hark!

Can you catch a rat,

Or a mouse in the dark?”

“Pur, pur,” said the cat,

“I can do that,

And I hope he’ll be fat.

Pur, pur,” said the cat.

dark

dame

trot

hop

hark

came

spot

drop

bark

name

pot

stop

he will

she will

that is

you are

he’ll

she’ll

that’s

you’re

bark
yarn
climb



Ben. I like dogs.

Kate. And I love cats.

B. Dogs can bark.

K. Cats can pur.

B. Fun can play ball.

K. So can Dot. Didn't you ever see her play with a ball of yarn?

B. My dog can jump over a stick.

K. My cat can climb a tree.

Can your dog do that?

scratch claw than feel

B. No. His claws are not sharp.

They are not like a cat's claws.

Didn't Dot scratch your hand once?

K. That was because I hurt her.
I pulled her tail. I know better now.

What would Fun do if you hurt him?

B. He would bite, perhaps.

K. Just feel of Dot's paw.

Isn't it soft?

You can not feel her claws at all.

B. Where does she keep them?

K. O, she keeps them hidden in her
paws.

B. Fun doesn't keep his claws hidden.

K. Well, I like cats better than dogs.

B. And I like dogs better than cats.

paw saw caw draw

knit
close
beside



Grandma is knitting.

Kitty is sitting close beside her.

She is looking up in Grandma's lap.

Do you see anything there?

Kitty sees something there.

She sees Grandma's ball of yarn.

She is watching that ball of yarn.

She wants to play with it.

Kitty says,

"I *wish* I might play with that ball.

I love to play with a soft ball."

knit

knitting

sit

sitting

tap

never

pounce

O what fun !

Where is Grandma's ball of yarn now?

I see it.

Kitty sees it, too.

She has caught it.



She sticks her sharp claws into it.

Now she taps it with her paw.

Away rolls the ball.

Away Kitty runs.

Pounce! She has it again.



Kitty says,

"It is fun to play 'Catch the rat.'"

Grandma says,

"O Kitty! this will never do.

That is not a rat.

That is my ball of yarn."



bounce

nap

lap

ever

pounce

tap

clap

never

A KITTEN RHYME

See my kitty—little Dot.
Very pretty, is she not?

Soft and silky
Is her fur.
If you stroke it,
She will purr.

She's all white but one black spot.
That is why her name is Dot.

Dot won't hurt you
With her claws,
Keeps them hidden
In her paws.

*Soft and silky is her fur.
If you stroke it she will purr.*

often yet oh should only

Often when my Grandma knits,
Close beside her kitty sits,

Watching, watching,
Grandma's ball,
Wishing she would
Let it fall.

When it does drop, oh! the fun!
You should see how Dot can run!

Dot has never
Caught a rat.
She's too little
Yet for that.

She is only good at play,
But she'll catch the rats *some* day.

— EMILIE POULSSON.

I. TAKING APART

rover	red	run	rain
r over	r ed	r un	r ain
r	ed	un	ain

II. PUTTING TOGETHER

ay	ed	un	ain
ray	bed	sun	pain

ack	ick	am	ain
rack	rick	ram	rain
track	trick	tram	train

ing	ick	ook	ain
ring	rick	rook	rain
bring	brick	brook	brain

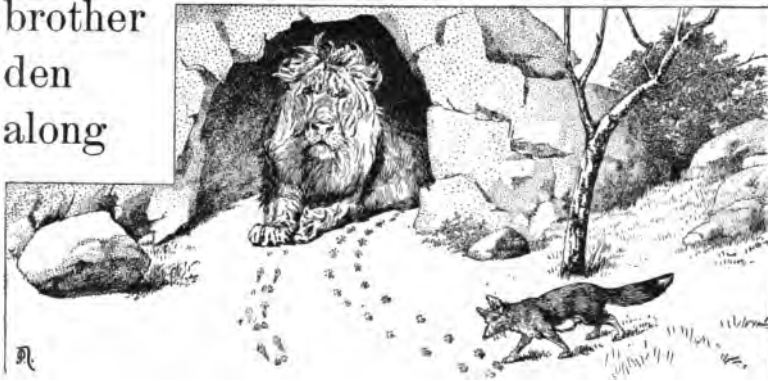
R

r

~

R

brother
den
along



THE SLY FOX AND THE HUNGRY LION

I. HOW BROTHER RABBIT AND BROTHER DOG WENT IN

A hungry lion sat in his den.

"I am hungry," said the lion.

"What can I have to eat?"

Just then a rabbit came hopping along.

"Good morning, Bunny," said the lion.

"Will you come in?"


"Thank you," said Bunny, and went in.

But Bunny did not come out.

trot trotting hop hopping

sly
track
spy



Then a dog came trotting by. 
“Walk into my den, Brother Dog,”
said the lion.

So Brother Dog walked in.

And Brother Dog did not come out.

II. WHY BROTHER FOX DID NOT GO IN

Pretty soon along came a sly fox.

“How do you do, Brother Fox?”
said the lion.

“Won’t you walk into my den?”

But Brother Fox was looking at
something on the ground.

“What are you looking at?” said
the lion.

“I spy tracks,” said the sly fox.

wonder

fast

could

"I spy dog tracks and rabbit tracks."

"What of that?" said the lion.

Then said the fox,

"The tracks go into your den.

They do not come out.

I wonder where Brother Dog is.

I wonder where Brother Rabbit is."

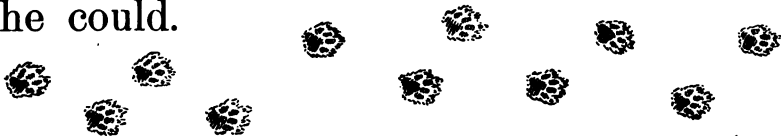
"O, come right in," said the lion.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Lion.

I will not make tracks into your den.

I will make tracks away from your
den as fast as I can."

So the sly fox ran away as fast as
he could.



could

would

should

eggs or birdie brown
among nest speckled trouble

Tell me where your nest is, Birdie.

I know it is somewhere.

Is it down on the ground ?

Or is it up in a tree ?

Is it hidden in the green grass ?

Or is it among the yellow flowers ?

O, I wonder if there are any eggs in
your nest.

I wonder if they are white, or blue,
or brown, or speckled.

Perhaps you have some little birdies.

Poor Birdie, what is the trouble ?

Has something hurt you ?

Why do you run away from me ?

I would not hurt you for anything.



I WOULDN'T HURT YOU FOR ANYTHING

snail snap sugar spice nice

What are little boys made of, made of?

What are little boys made of?

Snaps and snails, and puppy dogs' tails ;

And that's what little boys are
made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?

What are little girls made of?

Sugar and spice, and all that's nice ;

And that's what little girls are
made of, made of.

snip	snap	snail
nip	nap	nail
ip	ap	ail
rip	rap	rail
trip	trap	trail

stone other flew pray
alone left none

Two little black birds
Sat upon a stone.
One flew away,
And then there was one.



The other flew after,
And then there was none.
So the poor stone
Was left all alone.



One little black bird
Back again flew.
The other came after,
And then there were two.



Says one to the other,
“Pray how do you do?”
“Very well, thank you,
And pray how are you?”



I. TAKING APART

deep	dark	den	dame
d eep	d ark	d en	d ame
d	ark	en	ame

II. PUTTING TOGETHER

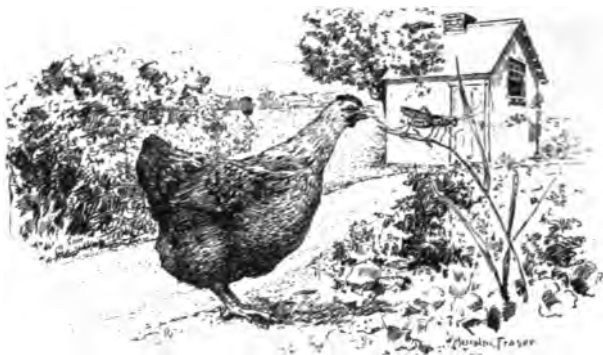
ay	ark	en	ame
day	hark	ten	same

ay	ip	ake	ain
ray	rip	rake	rain
dray	drip	drake	drain

an	en	on	un
and	end	ond	und
sand	send	fond	under

D	d	<i>d</i>	<i>D</i>
---	---	----------	----------

lived
house
work
worker
worked



LITTLE RED HEN AND SLY FOX

I. THE LITTLE WORKER

Once upon a time there was a Little Red Hen.

She lived in a little white house.

And she had a little green garden.

Every day she worked in the house.

And every day she worked in the garden.

All day and every day it was work, work, work, for Little Red Hen.

She was a worker.

walk walked work worked

pleasant bug cackle find

II. WHAT THE LITTLE WORKER COULD DO

Little Red Hen could do everything there was to do.

In the house she could lay eggs.

She could cackle :

“Cut, cut, cut, ka-tar-cut !”

She could sit on her eggs day after day and night after night.

In the garden she could scratch in the ground and find nice little stones.

She could snip the fresh green grass.

And she could catch big yellow grasshoppers and fat little bugs.

Little Red Hen was very happy.

“I have a pleasant home,” said she.

she he we me ē

wife

bad

III. THE BAD NEIGHBOR

Now Little Red Hen had a neighbor.

This neighbor had no garden.

And he was not a worker.

His name was Sly Fox.

He was hungry almost all the time.

He liked to eat chickens.

And he did so want to eat Little Red Hen.

He was a bad neighbor.

One day he said to his little wife,

“How can I catch Little Red Hen?”

“You might catch her in a bag,” said Mrs. Sly Fox.

“Very well, I will catch her in a bag,” said Sly Fox.

day

ate

made

came

ā



LITTLE RED HEN AND SLY FOX

visit first boil behind creep hid

IV. SLY FOX VISITS LITTLE RED HEN

So Sly Fox said to his little wife,

“Put on the pot.

Have the water boiling hot.”

Then he put a bag on his back, and
off he went.

At first he went trotting along.

Then he went walking along.

And then, when he was almost there,
he went creeping along.

He came to the little white house.

Where was Little Red Hen?

She was out in her green garden.

So Sly Fox dropped the bag, went
into the house, and hid behind the door.

sleep	beside	drop	hop
creep	behind	dropped	hopped

roost fell dizzy floor round

V. LITTLE RED HEN IS CAUGHT

Soon Little Red Hen came in.

She saw Sly Fox behind the door.

Up she flew to her roost.

“Catch me if you can,” said Little Red Hen.

“O, I can catch you,” said Sly Fox.

“Just look at me.”

Then he went round and round after his tail.

Little Red Hen looked at him as he went round, and round, and round.

By and by she got dizzy.

She fell down to the floor.

Then Sly Fox caught her, put her in the bag, put the bag on his back, and went trotting away.

fly scissors hole thought

VI. LITTLE RED HEN GETS AWAY

“How can I get out of this bag?”
thought Little Red Hen.

“I must get out; I do not want Sly
Fox to eat me.”

Just then she thought of her scissors.
She always had them with her.

They were very sharp.

So she went snip, snip, snip, with her
sharp little scissors, and soon made a
big hole.

Then she hopped out, put a stone in
the bag, and flew home as fast as she
could fly.

Sly Fox went right on.

He did not know what was in the bag.

He thought Little Red Hen was in
the bag.

try opened held lid wait splash

VII. THE POOR FOXES

Mrs. Sly Fox was waiting at home.

The pot was on the fire.

It was filled with boiling hot water.

In came Sly Fox with his bag.

“What have you in your bag?” said Mrs. Sly Fox.

“Just wait and see,” said Mr. Sly Fox.

Then he held the bag over the pot.

“When I drop her in,” he said, “you must clap on the lid.”

So he opened the bag.

Splash! went the stone into the pot.

Splash! went the boiling hot water.

It splashed all over the sly foxes.

Never again did they try to catch Little Red Hen. So she was happy ever after in her pleasant little home.

minute

under

table

able



Miss Jane had a bag,
And a mouse was in it.
She opened the bag;
He was out in a minute.

The cat saw him jump
And run under the table;
Said the dog, "Catch him, Puss,
As soon as you're able."



so

open

hole

stone

ō

cry



THEY ALL WORK FOR A LIVING

Once little Tom Turner was crying.

He was crying because he had to work.

“I wish I were a cat or a dog,” said he.

“Then I should not have to work.

Cats do not have to work, do they, Mouser?”

nice time side night i

think long gay while

“Miow!” said Mouser.

“Do you think cats do not have to
work?

I have to work.

I worked all night long to catch this
one rat.”

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
This is the way
To be happy and gay.

by cry sly fly ÿ

we	wink	well	would
w e	w ink	w ell	w ould
w	ink	ell	ould
wake	pink	shell	should

nose

wood

dance

sunny

IN THE DAY TIME

(Memorize)

Timid, funny,
Brisk little Bunny
Winks his nose
And sits all sunny.



AT NIGHT

(Memorize)

In the night time,
At the right time,
So I've understood,
'Tis the habit
Of Sir Rabbit
To dance in the wood.



fun

quick

fur

down

fun ny

quick ly

fur ry

down y

Monday wash across



(Read, act, sing)

I went to visit a friend one day,
She lived in the house across the way,
She said she couldn't come out to play,
For Monday was her washing day.

This is the way she washed away,
This is the way she washed away,
This is the way she washed away,
The day she couldn't come out to play.

Tuesday iron Wednesday sew

I went to visit a friend one day,
She lived in the house across the way,
She said she couldn't come out to play,
For Tuesday was her ironing day.

This is the way she ironed away,*
The day she couldn't come out to play.

I went to visit a friend one day,
She lived in the house across the way,
She said she couldn't come out to play,
For Wednesday was her sewing day.

This is the way she sewed away,*
The day she couldn't come out to play.

could	would	should	can
couldn't	wouldn't	shouldn't	can't

* In singing, repeat this line three times.



Tuesday was her ironing day.



Wednesday was her sewing day.



Thursday was her baking day.



Friday was her cleaning day.

Thursday

Friday

clean

I went to visit a friend one day,
She lived in the house across the way,
She said she couldn't come out to play,
For Thursday was her baking day.

This is the way she baked away,*
The day she couldn't come out to play.

I went to visit a friend one day,
She lived in the house across the way,
She said she couldn't come out to play,
For Friday was her cleaning day.

This is the way she cleaned away,*
The day she couldn't come out to play.

bake

take

come

give

baking

taking

coming

giving

* In singing, repeat this line three times.

Saturday

our

I went to visit a friend one day,
She lived in the house across the way,
She said she could come out to play,
For Saturday was her playing day.

This is the way we played away,
This is the way we played away,
This is the way we played away,
For Saturday was our playing day.

no	net	not	nice	new
n o	n et	n ot	n ice	n ew
n	et	ot	ice	ew
name	pet	pot	mice	mew

an	en	in	on	un
----	----	----	----	----

N

n

n

n

grandmother year ready sister
 another slept shore

TELEGRAMS

To Dr. Dick. "Bess is all well again. We are ready for another day at the sea-shore."

To Turkey Gobbler. "Thanksgiving is coming. Look out! I may gobble you."

To the Farmer. "Feed the cow good grass. Then she will give good milk."

To Little Sister. "Good night, sleep tight, wake up bright."

To Grandmother. "We are all coming to see you on Thanksgiving Day."

To Mother and Father. "We wish you a Happy New Year."

To Grandpa. "I know who slept in your new hat."

arms given story till gown asleep

THE GO TO SLEEP STORY

Baby Ray was all ready for bed.
He was in his little white nightgown.
His mother was telling him a story.

Little Dog Tray was all ready for
bed, too.

“But I can not go to bed,” said he,
“till I say good-night to Baby Ray.”

So little Dog Tray went trot, trot,
trot, in his white silky nightgown.

Soon he came to Baby Ray.

He was in his mother's arms.

And she was telling him this story:

The doggie that was given him
to keep, keep, keep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.

cunning us babies their

“How can we go to bed,” said little Kitten Fluff to little Kitten Muff, “till we have said good-night to Baby Ray?”

He lets us play with his ball, and he never pulls our tails.

It is bedtime now for kittens and dogs and babies. Perhaps he is asleep.”

. So the kittens went creeping along in their furry white nightgowns.

Soon they found Baby Ray in his mother’s arms, listening to this story:

One doggie that was given him
to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats,
creep, creep, creep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.



THE GO TO SLEEP STORY

leap

heard

feather

Then came Bunny Frisk, and Bunny Brisk, and Bunny Whisk, leaping along, as still as still could be.

They were all in their soft white nightgowns.

“How can we go to bed,” said they, “without a good-night to Baby Ray?”

And this is what the rabbits heard:

One doggie that was given him
to keep, keep, keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats,
creep, creep, creep,

Three pretty little rabbits
with a leap, leap, leap,

Went to see if Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.

Then came Goosey Loosey and her three feathery white sisters.

pond

waddle

geese

“S-s-s!” said the geese very softly.

“Baby Ray feeds us corn. He loves to watch us sail on the duck-pond. We must say good-night to him.”

So they waddled along in their white feather nightgowns, and came to Baby Ray just in time for this story:

One doggie that was given him

to keep, keep, keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats,

creep, creep, creep,

Three pretty little rabbits

with a leap, leap, leap,

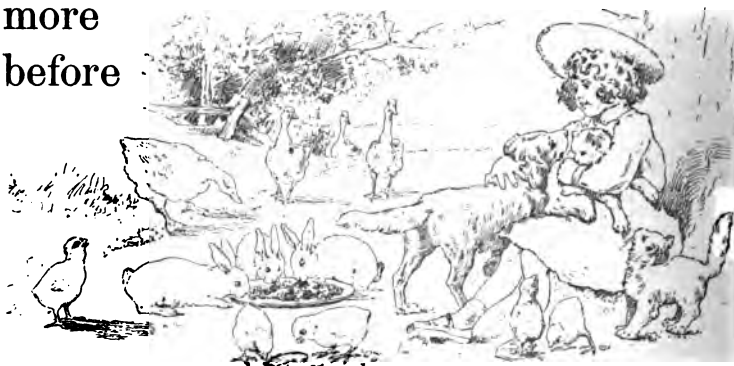
Four geese from the duck-pond

deep, deep, deep,

Went to see if Baby Ray was

asleep, sleep, sleep.

more
before



“Come, sisters,” said little Peep-peep.

“We must see Baby Ray once more
before we go to sleep.

He is good to the chickens.

He calls us to him, and feeds us nice
bits of bread.”

So little Peep-peep and his four
sisters went hopping and running and
flying, in their downy white night-
gowns, till they came to Baby Ray in
his mother’s arms.

And they were just in time.

He was just dropping off to sleep.



RAY AND HIS FRIENDS

1

2

3

4

One doggie that was given him
 to keep, keep, keep,
 Two cunning little kitty-cats,
 creep, creep, creep,
 Three pretty little rabbits
 with a leap, leap, leap,
 Four geese from the duck-pond
 deep, deep, deep,
 Five downy little chicks
 crying peep, peep, peep,
 All saw that Baby Ray was
 asleep, sleep, sleep.

—EUDORA BUMSTEAD in *The Youth's Companion*.

sp	sl	sk	sh	y
spy	sly	skip	shook	spy
spot	slip	sky	ship	sly
spin	slap	skin	shy	sky
spark	sling	skill	shark	shy

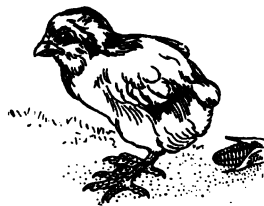
squeal grain meal sad forlorn

IF YOU WANT ANY DINNER —

Said little Chicky Buff,
With a sad little cry,
“I wish I could find
A fat little fly.”



Said little Chicky Muff,
Looking all forlorn,
“I wish I could find
A wee grain of corn.”



Said little Chicky Puff,
With a sharp little squeal,
“I wish I could find
Some fine yellow meal.”



snug

dinner

patch

Said little Chicky Fluff,
As he sat all snug,
“I wish I could find
A nice little bug.”



Said little Chicky Huff,
Standing all alone,
“I wish I could find
A little round stone.”



Said the Little Red Hen
From the green garden patch,
“If you want any dinner,
You must scratch, scratch, scratch.”

red

fed

led

bed

ě

pet

hen

nest

sell

ě

same
small
goat
gruff
together



THE GRAY BROTHERS AND THE GRUFF GOBLIN

Once there were three brothers.
They were goats.

All three lived together, and all three
had the same name, — Billy Gray.

One was small; he was called Little
Billy Gray.

One was bigger; he was called Big
Billy Gray.

small	big	fat
smaller	big ger	fat ter
smallest	big gest	fat test

bridge great river

And one was the biggest; so he was called Great Big Billy Gray.

One day Great Big Billy Gray said to his brothers:

“This grass is not good.

There is better grass across the river.

I am going across the river.”

“We will go, too,” said Big Billy and Little Billy.

So they went along till they came to the river.

Over the river there was a bridge.

Little Billy went first on the bridge.

“Trip-trap, trip-trap!” went the bridge.

old	sick	quick
old er	sick er	quick er
old est	sick est	quick est

goblin voice roar young

Now under that bridge there lived
a goblin.

He heard Little Billy trip-trapping.

So he called out, with his big voice,

“Who is trip-trapping on my bridge?”

“I am,” said Little Billy, with his
little voice.

“Who are you, and where are you
going?”

“I am Little Billy Gray, and I am
going across the river to eat good
grass,” said Little Billy.

“And I am going to eat you,”
roared the goblin.

“I am so young and small,” said
Little Billy. “Big Billy is big and fat,
and he is coming just behind.”

“Then be off,” roared the goblin.

grow

growl

Along came Big Billy.

He walked on the bridge, and the bridge went "Trip-trop, trip-trop!"

"Who is trip-tropping on my bridge?" roared the goblin.

"I am. What do you want?" said Big Billy, with his gruff voice.

"Where are you going?" growled the goblin.

"Going to eat grass and grow fat," said Big Billy.

"And I am going to eat you," growled the goblin.

"O, no! My older brother is coming just behind.

He is bigger and fatter. Eat him."

"Then be off," growled the goblin.

roar

roared

growl

growled

tramp



Then Great Big Billy came, and the bridge went “Tramp-tramp, tramp-tramp!”

“Who is tramp-tramping on my bridge?” roared the goblin.

“I AM!” said Great Big Billy, in his biggest, gruffest voice.

“Where are you going?”

“Going to eat grass and grow fat!”

“I am going to eat you.”

roll rolled call called

meadow brave strong grew

“Come and eat me, then!”

So the gruff goblin came up from under the bridge.

But Great Big Billy Gray was very brave and strong.

He ran right at the goblin, and rolled him over into the river.

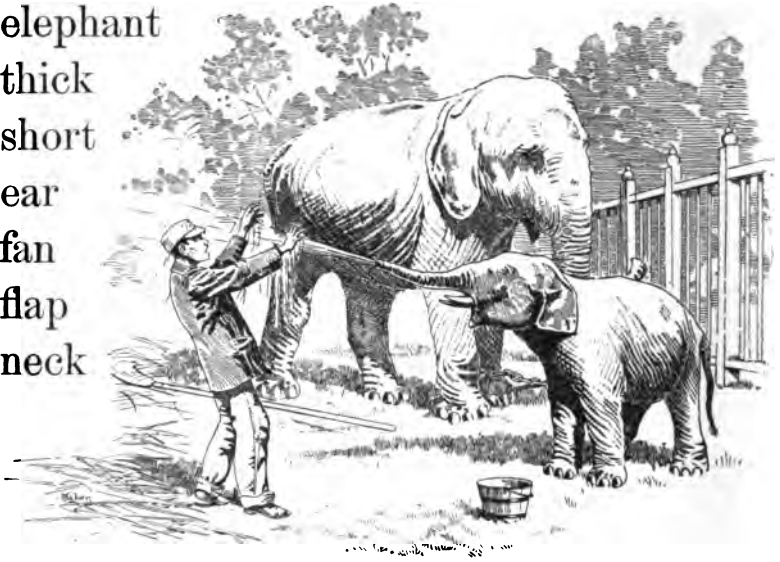
Then the three brothers went trip-trapping, trip-tropping, and tramp-tramping across the bridge.

Soon they came to a pleasant meadow.

There they ate grass and grew fat.

trap	tree	green	grow
trip	try	grass	gray
tramp	tray	grind	gruff
trick	trill	ground	growl
track	train	grunt	grew

elephant
thick
short
ear
fan
flap
neck



JUMBO'S TRUNK

Once there was a baby named Jumbo.

His mother was an elephant.

So Jumbo was an elephant, too.

His mother's neck was short, her legs were thick, her tail was long, and her ears were like big fans.

And Jumbo had thick legs, a short neck, a long tail, and big flapping ears.

carry	front	an
squirm	trunk	always

Have you ever seen an elephant?

If you have, perhaps you know that elephants always carry a long, squirming thing in front of them.

This thing is not a tail, for elephants carry their tails behind them.

The long, squirming thing is called a trunk.

At first, Jumbo did not know what to do with his trunk.

It was always in the way when he wanted to do anything.

thick	thing	thank
thin	think	thought

song	strong	long	dong
------	--------	------	------

feet
himself
use



“What can be the use of this thing?”
thought Jumbo to himself.

“I think I will try to pull it off. It is
in my way.”

So he put his feet on his trunk, and
began to pull.

He pulled and pulled; but the trunk
was on fast. It would not come off.
Besides it hurt him when he pulled it so.

It was just as well that Jumbo could
not pull his trunk off, for soon he found
out what it was for.

best	fine	mouth
thirsty	smell	keeper

He found that he could smell with his trunk.

“I have a very long nose,” thought Jumbo.

Then he found that his trunk would carry water to his mouth when he was thirsty.

He found that it would carry hay to his mouth when he was hungry.

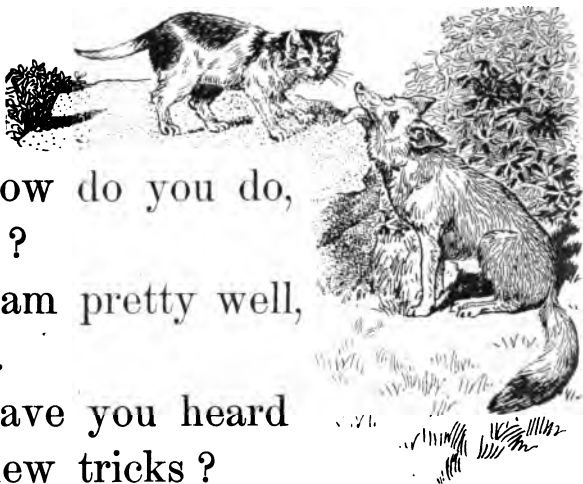
And best of all, he found that with his trunk he could play tricks on his keeper.

“A trunk is a very fine thing for an elephant to have,” said Jumbo.

“It is a nose, an arm, a hand, and a water-pail. And it is a fine plaything besides.”

well	tell	bell	smell
------	------	------	-------

hear
hundred



Fox. How do you do,
Mrs. Cat?

Cat. I am pretty well,
Mr. Fox.

Fox. Have you heard
of any new tricks?

Cat. No, I know only one
trick, and that is an old one.

Fox. Only one trick! Poor Mrs. Cat!
Why! I know a hundred tricks.
That is why my name is Sly.

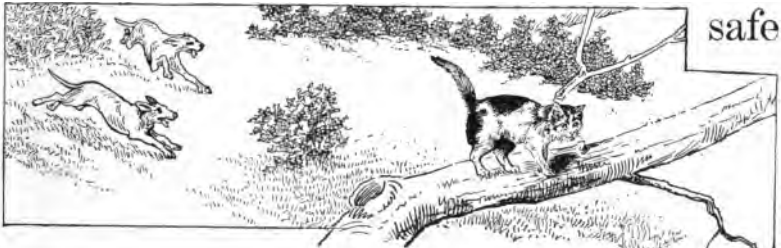
Cat. It must be fine
to know so many tricks.

Dogs. Woo! Boo! Woo!

Fox. Listen! I hear the dogs.

Cat. You can try your hundred
tricks now. I will try my one trick.





Dogs. Boo woo! Boo woo!

Fox. O what can I do?

Cat. Why don't you climb
a tree? That is a fine trick.
Dogs can't climb trees.



Fox. I only wish I could, but I can't.
All I can do is to run this way and
that way. But the dogs can run, too.
Good-by, Mrs. Cat.

Cat. Good-by, Mr. Fox.

Dogs. Bow-wow! Bow-wow!

Cat. I am safe, but the poor fox will
be caught. There! They have caught
him now. My one good trick is better
than his hundred poor ones.

dove around flutter quite cream



Fanny loves
Her pretty doves,
Fan and Puff and Plum,
Cream and Brown.
They flutter down,
And all around her come.

Coo, coo,

How do you do?

Quite well, thank you; how are you?

down	cream	polite	flutter
brown	dream	quite	butter

coo	caw	cub	corn
c oo	c aw	c ub	c orn

c	aw	ub	orn
cake	paw	tub	horn

ap	aw	y	eeep
clap	claw	cry	creep

C	c	c	C
---	---	---	---

kill	kid	think	thank
k ill	k id	th ink	th ank

k	id	ink	ank
king	hid	drink	bank

K	k	k	K
---	---	---	---

bean beet rake spade spaded

The children are making a garden.

Edward and Jack are digging up the ground with spades. Little plants must have soft ground to grow in.

Hazel and Miriam are raking over their garden beds, and making the ground fine.

Tom and Ellen have spaded and raked their beds. Now they are ready to plant the seeds. They will plant peas, beans, and beets.

Little Jamie is looking on and "helping." "Will the little baby plants be up to-morrow?" says Jamie.

"No, not to-morrow," says Ellen. "Perhaps not for five days."

"That is a very long time to wait," says Jamie.



MAKING THE GARDEN

wooden

empty

sea



AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

hid

give

wood

hidden

given

wooden

ought mind tall weak

You who are the oldest,
You who are the tallest,
Don't you think you ought to help
The youngest and the smallest?

You who are the strongest,
You who are the quickest,
Don't you think you ought to help
The weakest and the sickest?

Never mind the trouble,
Help them all you can;
Be a little woman!
Be a little man!

— GELETT BURGESS.

young	younger	youngest
strong	stronger	strongest

face disgrace place polite instead

Goop! Goop! Goop!

I wish you'd wash your face!

Goop! Goop! Goop!

Your hands are a disgrace!

Goop! Goop! Goop!

Put things back in their place!

I wish you were polite,

Instead of a

Goop! Goop! Goop!



—GELETT BURGESS.

I. TAKING APART

go	bag	big	dog	dug
g o	b ag	b ig	d og	d ug

II. PUTTING TOGETHER

ay	ag	ig	og	ug
gay	nag	dig	fog	bug

G

g

g

G

police

post

letter

street

OUR HELPERS

Who has helped us this morning?

Father and mother have helped.

They are helpers.

The milkman has helped.

So have the baker and the miller.

So have the trainman and the farmer.

The postman is a good helper.

He brings our letters.

Did he bring you a letter this morning?

The policeman is a helper, too.

Who cleans the streets for us?

If we are sick, who comes to make us well?

If our house caught fire, who would put out the fire?

mamma
eight
knock
o'clock
papa



LETTERS

Eight o'clock;
The postman's knock!
Five letters for papa;
One for Lou
And none for you,
And three for dear mamma.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

know	better	clock	block
knock	letter	flock	frock

horse

smoke

engine



Ding dong! Ding dong!

Here comes the fire engine!

Get out of the way.

How fast the horses run.

Where is the fire?

I wonder if it is our house.

No, it isn't our house; it is Tim's house. I wonder where Tim is.

See all that black smoke!



ladder . true window ma'am

Look! There is Tim at the window.

He is looking out of the window.

He is going to jump down.

Now look at that brave fireman.

He climbs up the ladder.

"Wait, Tim! Don't jump."

Where is the fireman now?

I can't see him. The smoke is so black.

Oh, there he is again.

He has Tim in his arms.

He is climbing down the ladder.

Now he is giving Tim to his mother.

"He'll soon be all right, ma'am.

Only a little smoke."

"Oh, thank you, Fireman!"

I love firemen. They are brave and true.

They are true helpers.



TIM AND THE FIREMAN

colt
nag
shoe
bare



Tim. Good morning, Mr. Blacksmith.

Blacksmith. How do you do, Tim?

T. Can you shoe my pony?

B. Shoe a little nag like him?

Why, he's only a colt! Mother Goose says, "Let the little colt go bare."

T. But Spot is not a colt. He is a pony. He is little, but he is old.

can	man	fan	ran	ă
bad	nag	black	thank	ă

spark

B. How old is your pony, Tim?

T. Father says he is five years old.
He was two when we bought him.

B. And have you had him three years?

T. Yes, sir, three years this fall.

B. Well, then, I think we'll have to shoe him.

T. May I stay and watch you?

B. Glad to have you.

T. I should like to be a blacksmith.

B. Would you?

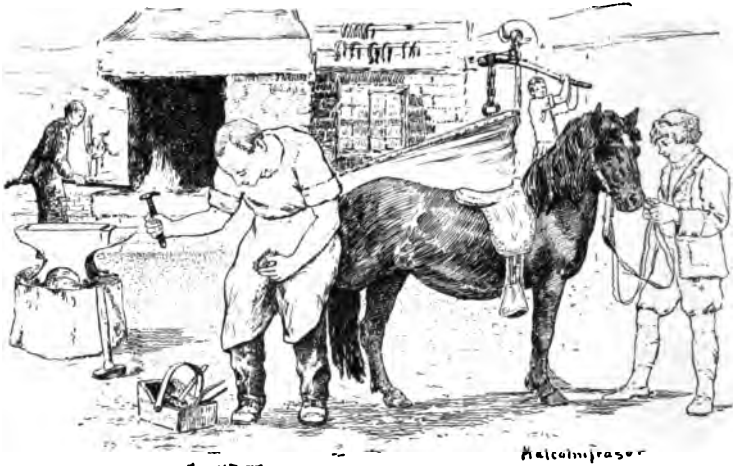
T. Yes, I should like to make the sparks fly.

dig	fig	big	pig	ĩ
in	it	him	hill	ĩ
sleepy	silky	dolly	pony	ÿ

bellows

glow

coal



HOW THE BLACKSMITH SHOES THE PONY

Have you ever seen a blacksmith at work ?

He puts the iron into the black coals.
He blows up the bellows. Puff,
puff-f-f.

The coals glow. They are red now.
The iron gets red hot.
Then it gets white hot.

hoof hammer nail

Now the blacksmith takes the iron
out of the fire.

He hammers the hot iron with his
hammer, and makes the sparks fly.

Din, doon, dun-dy.

Doon, din, doon-dy-dindy.

Then he puts the hot iron into cold
water.

Sputter, sput-sput-sputter.

Soozle, sizzle, s-s-s.

Then he nails the shoe on pony's
hoof.

Tap-tap-tap.

Tick-a-tick-tack-too.

Now Tim gets on Spot's back.

Then the pony's hoofs go like this:

Lippety, clippety, clap,

Lickety, clickety, clip.

Whoa



Whoa! whoa! whoa!

Oh, how fast you go!

Stop, you nag,

I tell you, tell you.

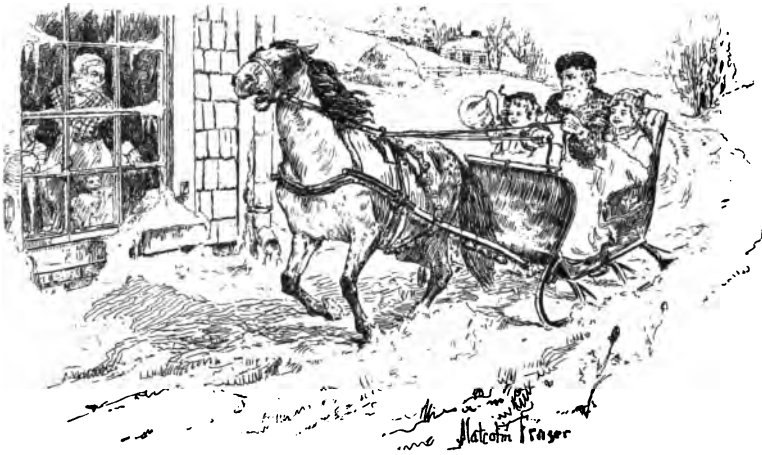
If you don't,

I'll sell you, sell you.

Whoa! whoa! whoa!

Oh, how fast you go!

country sleigh boat through



GOING TO GRANDMOTHER'S

We are going to Grandmother's.
My grandmother lives in the country.
First we take a street car.
Then we take a boat.
Then we take a train.
When the train stops, we get off.
Then we take a sleigh. . And then —
Over the river and through the wood,
To Grandmother's house we go.

aboard jingle merry hurrah

Now the train has stopped.
Here we are in the country.
There is the big sleigh.
All aboard for Grandmother's house.
How fast the horse trots!
How the merry sleigh bells jingle!
Jingle, jing, jing, jing!
There is the house! Look!
I spy some one at the window.
How do you do, Grandmother?
We are glad to see you.
We wish you a happy Thanksgiving.
Hurrah for the country!
Hurrah for Grandmother!
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Jack Jill jingle jay Jane J j

farm

teeny-tiny

cap



THE TEENY-TINY BOY AND THE BIRD'S EGG

Once upon a time, a teeny-tiny boy lived in a teeny-tiny house on a teeny-tiny farm.

Now, one day this teeny-tiny boy put on his teeny-tiny cap, and went out of his teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk.

rest
gate

field
brook

frightened

And when he had gone a teeny-tiny way, he came to a teeny-tiny gate; so he opened the teeny-tiny gate and went into a teeny-tiny field.

And when he had walked a teeny-tiny bit, he sat down to rest by a teeny-tiny brook under a teeny-tiny tree.

Now, as he sat by the teeny-tiny brook he saw in the teeny-tiny tree a teeny-tiny bird on a teeny-tiny nest.

But the bird was frightened a teeny-tiny bit and flew away.

Then the teeny-tiny boy said to himself, "I will look into the nest just one teeny-tiny time." So he looked and saw three teeny-tiny blue eggs.



THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S NEST

1

tired



Then he said, "I will take just one teeny-tiny blue egg."

So he took one teeny-tiny blue egg in his teeny-tiny hand, and took it away to his teeny-tiny home.

There he put the teeny-tiny egg in a teeny-tiny box on a teeny-tiny table, and then lay down on his teeny-tiny bed, for he was a teeny-tiny bit tired.

Soon he fell into a teeny-tiny sleep.

But when he had been asleep a teeny-tiny time, he heard a teeny-tiny voice, like the chirp of a teeny-tiny

farther clothes ashamed louder

bird, saying, "Bring back my teeny-tiny blue egg!"

At this the teeny-tiny boy was a tiny bit ashamed, so he hid his teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny bedclothes, and soon went to sleep again.

Then after a teeny-tiny time the same teeny-tiny voice called out a tiny bit louder, "*Bring back my teeny-tiny blue egg!*"

This made the teeny-tiny boy a teeny-tiny bit more ashamed, so he hid his head a tiny bit farther under the bedclothes; and soon went to sleep again.

And then after a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice called out again a great big bit louder, "BRING BACK MY TEENY-TINY BLUE EGG!"



At this the teeny-tiny boy was so ashamed, that he jumped out of bed, took the blue egg out of the box, ran as fast as his legs could carry him, through the gate, into the field, and so to the tree beside the teeny-tiny brook.

And when he saw the teeny-tiny bird on her nest, he put out his teeny-tiny hand with the teeny-tiny blue egg in it, and said in a *very* teeny-tiny voice, "*Here it is. Take it!*"

ship

far

sailor

organ



SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

swing air child wide cattle roof

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

side	down	swing	wink
wide	brown	swell	think

MORE TELEGRAMS

From Peep-peep. "My sisters and I were just in time to see Baby Ray dropping off to sleep."

From Great Big Billy. "Gruff Goblin came up to eat me, but I rolled him off the bridge with my horns."

From Little Red Hen. "If you want any dinner, you must scratch for it."

From Mother Goose. "Let the little colt go bare."

From the Teeny-tiny Boy. "I am bringing back your tiny blue egg as fast as I can, and I will never take any more eggs from your nest."

From Grandmother. "You must all come to Grandma's for Thanksgiving dinner."

not	hot	pot	got	ö
fox	hop	on	drop	ö

From the Fireman. “When your house got on fire, I put out the fire.”

From Gelett Burgess. “Don’t you think you ought to help the youngest and the smallest?”

From Robert Louis Stevenson. “What do you think is the pleasantest thing ever a child can do?”

From Jumbo. “What can be the use of it, is more than I can see.”

us	cut	cub	tub	ŭ
use	cute	cube	tube	ū
very	voice	visit	vail	v
have	give	alive	five	v
box	fox	ox	six	x
quick	quite	quack	quill	q
year	yap	yet	yell	y
sizzle	dizzy	buzz	fuzz	z

goes
shadow



MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow
That goes in and out with me.
And what can be the use of him,
Is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me
From the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me,
When I jump into my bed.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THREE MERRY SAILORS

I saw three ships go sailing by,
Go sailing by, go sailing by,
I saw three ships go sailing by,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
And what do you think was in them,
Was in them, was in them,
And what do you think was in them,
On Christmas Day in the morning?
Three merry sailors were in them,
Were in them, were in them,
Three merry sailors were in them,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
I said, "Merry Christmas, good sailor
men,
Good sailor men, good sailor men!"
I said, "Merry Christmas, good sailor
men!"
On Christmas Day in the morning.

animal

hair

toss

king



This is the great lion,
king of all the animals.

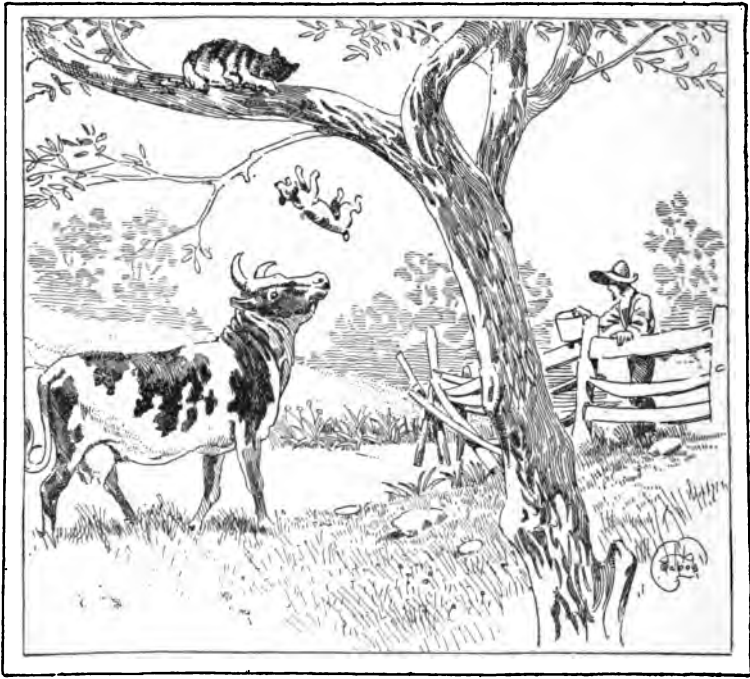
This is the strong net,
that caught the great lion,
king of all the animals.

This is the wee mouse,
that nibbled the strong net,
that caught the great lion,
king of all the animals.



This is the furry cat,
that frightened the wee mouse,
that nibbled the strong net,
that caught the great lion,
king of all the animals.

This is the hairy dog,
that barked at the furry cat,
that frightened the wee mouse,
that nibbled the strong net,
that caught the great lion,
king of all the animals.



This is the friendly cow,
that tossed the hairy dog,
that barked at the furry cat,
that frightened the wee mouse,
that nibbled the strong net,
that caught the great lion,
king of all the animals.

This is the happy farmer,
that milked the friendly cow,
that tossed the hairy dog,
that barked at the furry cat,
that frightened the wee mouse,
that nibbled the strong net,
that caught the great lion,
king of all the animals.



This is Baby Barbara,
that drank the good milk,
and thanked the happy farmer,
that milked the friendly cow,
that tossed the hairy dog,
that barked at the furry cat,
that frightened the wee mouse,
that nibbled the strong net,
that caught the great lion,
king of all the animals.

cocoanut	ago	ask	teacher
monkey	threw		taught

WHO THREW THE COCOANUT?

Long, long ago, and far, far away, there was a teacher who taught under a cocoanut tree.

One day a monkey threw down a cocoanut on the teacher's head and killed him.

The children did not know who threw the cocoanut. So they asked the wind.

“Wind, did you throw down the cocoanut?”

But the wind said, “I did not throw it. The wall can stop me. Ask the wall.”

But the wall said, “I did not throw it. The rat can gnaw me. Ask the rat.”



THE MONKEY AND THE COCOANUT

But the rat said, "I did not throw it. The cat can eat me. Ask the cat."

But the cat said, "I did not throw it. The rope can hang me. Ask the rope."

But the rope said, "I did not throw it. The knife can cut me. Ask the knife."

But the knife said, "I did not throw it. The fire can burn me. Ask the fire."

"I did not throw it," said the fire. "The water can put me out. Ask the water."

"I did not throw it," said the water. "The elephant can drink me. Ask the elephant."

"I did not throw it," said the elephant.

nothing end

"The mouse can frighten me. Ask the mouse."

"I did not throw it," said the mouse.
"The monkey can catch me. Ask the monkey."

So they asked the monkey.
But the monkey had nothing to say.
So they killed him.
And that was the end of the monkey.
And this is the end of the story.

wet frog cold rain

Mr. Frog came out of the pond one day,
And found himself in the rain.
Said he: "I'll get wet and I may catch cold,"

So he jumped in the pond again.

— NEIDLINGER.

strawberries

pick



PETO AND PEDRO

Peto and Pedro lived together.

One day they said,

“Let us go out to pick strawberries.”

So they went out to pick strawberries.

eaten

wolf

done

And as they picked strawberries,
they ate them every one.

But Pedro ate faster than Peto.

So when Pedro had eaten all he
wanted, he said,

“Now, let us go home.”

But Peto said,

“I don’t want to go home till I
have eaten as many strawberries as
you have.”

“Well, then,” said Pedro, “I’ll go
and tell the wolf to come and eat
you.”

So he said to the wolf,

“Wolf, go eat Peto,

Peto won’t go home till he has eaten
as many strawberries as I have.”

“Peto hasn’t done anything to me,”

said the wolf, "and I don't like to do anything to him."

"Well, then," said Pedro, "I will go and tell the dog to bark at you."

"Dog, bark at wolf,
Wolf won't eat Peto,
Peto won't go home till he has eaten
as many strawberries as I have."

"Wolf hasn't done anything to me,"
said the dog, "and I don't like to do
anything to him."

"Well, then," said Pedro, "I'll go and
tell the stick to beat you."

"Stick, beat dog,
Dog won't bark at wolf,
Wolf won't eat Peto,
Peto won't go home till he has eaten
as many strawberries as I have."

"Dog hasn't done anything to me,"

said the stick, "and I don't like to do anything to him."

"Well, then," said Pedro, "I'll go and tell the fire to burn you."

"Fire, burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bark at wolf,
Wolf won't eat Peto,
Peto won't go home till he has eaten
as many strawberries as I have."

"Stick hasn't done anything to me," said the fire, "and I don't like to do anything to it."

"Well, then," said Pedro, "I'll go and tell the river to put you out."

"River, put out fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bark at wolf,
Wolf won't eat Peto,

Peto won't go home till he has eaten as many strawberries as I have."

"Why should I do anything to the fire?" said the river. "The fire hasn't done anything to me."

"Well, then," said Pedro, "I'll go and tell the ox to drink you."

Ox, drink river,
River won't put out fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bark at wolf,
Wolf won't eat Peto,

Peto won't go home till he has eaten as many strawberries as I have."

"Why should I do anything to the river?" said the ox. "The river hasn't done anything to me."

"Well, then," said Pedro, "I'll go and tell the butcher to kill you."

“Butcher, kill ox,
Ox won't drink river,
River won't put out fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bark at wolf,
Wolf won't eat Peto,
Peto won't go home till he has eaten
as many strawberries as I have.”

So the butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the river,
The river began to put out the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bark at the wolf,
The wolf began to eat Peto,
And when he had eaten Peto, he
ate Pedro too.

And if you had been there, he might
have eaten you.

broom scream creak shell
 lady tea dead

THE LADYBIRD AND THE FLY

Long ago, Ladybird and Little Fly lived together in a tiny little house. They made their tea in an eggshell.

One day, Ladybird fell into the boiling tea.

Then Little Fly began to scream. And the door of the house asked,

“Why do you scream so, dear Little Fly?”

“Oh!” said Little Fly,

“Ladybird is dead,

And so I scream.”

“Then,” said the door, “I’ll creak!”

And so the door creaked.

And the broom heard the door creak, and the broom said,

swept

weep

answer

“Door, why do you creak?”

And the door answered,

“Oh! Ladybird is dead,

And Little Fly weeps,

And so I creak!”

“Then,” said the broom, “I’ll sweep!”

And so the broom swept.

Now there was a little brook that ran by the door of the tiny little house, and the little brook saw the broom sweeping. So the little brook said,

“Broom, why do you sweep?”

And the broom answered,

“Oh! Ladybird is dead,

And Little Fly weeps,

And little door creaks,

And so I sweep!”

“Then,” said the brook, “I’ll run.”

And so the brook ran.
And the fire saw the little brook
running, and the fire asked,
“Little brook, why do you run?”
And the brook answered,
“Oh! Ladybird is dead,
And Little Fly weeps,
And little door creaks,
And little broom sweeps,
And so I run!”
“Then,” said the fire, “I’ll burn!”
And so the fire burned.
Now a little tree grew beside the
tiny little house.
And the little tree said,
“Fire, why do you burn?”
And the fire answered,
“Oh! Ladybird is dead,
And Little Fly weeps,
And little door creaks,

pitcher

And little broom sweeps,

And little brook runs,

And so I burn !”

“Then,” said the tree, “I’ll shake.”

And so the little tree shook till it
shook off all its leaves.

A little girl came by with her water
pitcher, and saw the leaves falling
from the tree.

And the little girl said,

“Tree, why do you shake so ?”

And the tree answered,

“Oh ! Ladybird is dead,

And Little Fly weeps,

And little door creaks,

And little broom sweeps,

And little brook runs,

And little fire burns,

break flow begin broke

And so I shake !”

“Then,” said the little girl, “I’ll break my pitcher !”

And so the little girl broke her pitcher.

Then said the well,

“Little girl, why do you break your pitcher ?”

And the little girl answered,

“Oh ! Ladybird is dead,

And Little Fly weeps,

And little door creaks,

And little broom sweeps,

And little brook runs,

And little fire burns,

And so I break my pitcher !”

“Oh !” said the well, “then I’ll begin to flow !”

And so the well began to flow.

And the well flowed so fast, that
the little girl, and the tree, and the
brook, and the broom, and the door,
and Little Fly, and Ladybird were all
swept away together, and they never
came back any more.

owl wise awake less

A wise old owl once said, said he :

“The less light there is the better I
see ;”

So he stayed awake all through the
night,

And slept all day when the sun was
bright.

— NEIDLINGER.

seven

stove

THE PANCAKE

I

Once upon a time there was an old woman who had seven hungry children. One day she made a Pancake for her seven hungry children. It was a big Pancake. She made it out of milk and flour, and put it on the stove to bake.

The seven hungry children stood around the stove and watched the Pancake. They were so hungry!

The first child said, "Oh, mother, I am so hungry! Give me a piece of the Pancake!"

The second child said, "Oh, good mother, I am hungry, too! Give me a piece of the Pancake!"

sight

flop

The third child said, "Oh, dear, good mother, I am hungry, too! Give me a piece of the Pancake!"

And all the other children said, "Oh, dear, sweet, good mother, we are hungry, too! Give us a piece of the Pancake!"

"Yes, yes, my children," said the mother; "only wait till the Pancake is baked on the other side. See how pretty it is, and oh, how good it will be to eat!"

When the Pancake heard that, it was so frightened that it flopped right over. Now it would soon be baked on the other side. In a few minutes it was nice and brown. But the Pancake was so frightened that it jumped



THE PANCAKE ROLLED ON

cried

right out of the pan. It fell to the floor and rolled quickly out of the house.

“Stop, Pancake, stop,” cried the mother.

“Stop, Pancake, stop,” cried all the seven children.

When the Pancake heard this, it began to roll faster. The old woman and her seven children ran after the Pancake, but it rolled so fast that it was soon out of sight.

The Pancake rolled on and on, and by and by it met an old man.

“How do you do, Pancake?” cried the man.

“Pretty well, thank you,” answered the Pancake.

“Do not roll so fast, dear Pancake,” said the man. I should like to eat you.”

“Oh,” answered the Pancake, “I must keep on rolling or the old woman with her seven hungry children will catch me and eat me up.”

The Pancake rolled on and the man ran after it.

Soon the Pancake met a hen.

“How do you do, Pancake?” cried the hen.

“Pretty well, thank you,” answered the Pancake.

“Oh, dear Pancake,” cried the hen, “do not roll so fast. Stop just a minute, I want to eat you.”

“I cannot stop. I must keep on rolling,” answered the Pancake, “or the old woman with her seven hungry

children and the man will catch me and eat me up."

The Pancake rolled on and the hen ran after it.

In a little while the Pancake met a rooster.

"How do you do, dear Pancake?" cried the rooster.

"Pretty well, thank you," answered the Pancake, and kept on rolling.

"Dear Pancake," said the rooster, "stop a minute, I want to eat you."

"I cannot stop," answered the Pancake. "I must keep on rolling, or the old woman with her seven hungry children, and the man, and the hen will catch me and eat me up."

The Pancake rolled on and the rooster ran after it.

Soon the Pancake met a duck.

"How do you do, dear Pancake?" cried the duck.

"Pretty well, thank you," answered the Pancake.

"Dear Pancake, do not roll so fast," cried the duck. "Stop a minute, I want to eat you."

"I cannot stop," answered the Pancake, "or the old woman with the seven hungry children, and the man, and the hen, and the rooster will catch me and eat me up."

The Pancake kept rolling on and the duck ran after it.

Soon the Pancake met a goose.

"How do you do, Pancake?" cried the goose.

"Pretty well, thank you," answered the Pancake.

"Dear Pancake, do not roll so fast,"

cried the goose. "Wait a minute, I want to eat you."

"Wait? I cannot wait," answered the Pancake. "There comes the old woman with her seven hungry children, the man, the hen, the rooster, and the duck. I must keep on rolling, or they will catch me and eat me up."

The Pancake rolled on and the goose ran after it.

Soon the Pancake met a gander.

"How do you do, Pancake?" cried the gander.

"Pretty well, thank you," answered the Pancake.

"Dear Pancake, do not roll so fast," cried the gander. "Stop just a minute, I want to eat you."

"Oh, I cannot stop," said the Pancake. "The woman with her seven

hungry children, the man, the hen, the rooster, the duck, and the goose are all running after me. I must roll on, or they will catch me and eat me up."

The Pancake rolled on and the gander ran after it.

Soon the Pancake met a pig.

"How do you do, Pancake?" cried the pig.

"Pretty well, thank you," answered the Pancake.

"Just wait a minute, dear Pancake," cried the pig. "You are rolling too fast. I want to eat you."

"Oh, dear pig," said the Pancake, "I cannot wait. The woman with her seven hungry children, the man, the hen, the rooster, the duck, the goose, and the gander are all running after

plan

swim

me. They want to catch me and eat me up."

And the Pancake rolled on and the pig ran after it.

Pretty soon they came to a wood.

"Stop," cried the pig, "here is a wood, dear Pancake. It is dark in the wood and you will be frightened.

"Yes, that is so," answered the Pancake. "In the wood, where it is dark, I shall be afraid."

"Let us go through the wood together," said the pig.

"That is a good plan," cried the Pancake. And they went on together.

Soon they came to a river. The pig was so fat that he could swim very well. But the poor Pancake could not swim.

snout

Then the Pancake said to the pig, "Oh, dear pig, I cannot swim. I cannot get across the river."

"That is too bad," said the pig. "I will tell you how to get across the river. Just jump on my snout and I will carry you over."

"That is a good plan," said the Pancake. And he jumped on the pig's snout.

Then the pig gave his snout a toss, and tossed the Pancake into the air. And as the poor Pancake came down, the pig opened his mouth and gobbled him right up.

That was the end of the Pancake, and so this is the end of the story.



MR. SNOW AND MRS. WHITE

husband guess dress snow
 pack jolly stood

Come, see them!
Who are they?
You never can guess.

This one is a lady,
You know by her dress.

And this is her husband,
So jolly and fat,
I made him myself
From his shoes to his hat.
I packed him,
And rolled him,
And stood him upright.
It's old Mr. Snow,
And his wife, Mrs. White.

— ARTHUR HENRY.

squirrel	broken	wool	nut
covered	blood	aunt	rag
forest			tie

CHANTICLEER

Once upon a time, Chanticleer went into the forest to see what he could find to eat.

A squirrel, seeing him scratching about under a big tree, dropped a big nut upon his head.

Poor Chanticleer, with his head all broken and covered with blood, went away to an old woman.

"Aunt, dear aunt," said he, "please give me a rag to tie up my head with."

And the old woman said,

"If you will bring me some wool, I will give you a rag."

Then Chanticleer ran to the sheep and said,

“Sheep, dear sheep, please give me some wool. I will give the wool to the old woman, and the old woman will give me a rag to tie up my head with.”

Then the sheep said,

“If you will bring me some corn, I will give you the wool.”

So Chanticleer ran away to the farmer and said,

“Farmer, dear farmer, please give me some corn. The corn I will give to the sheep. Then the sheep will give me some wool. The wool I will give to the old woman, and the old woman will give me a rag to tie up my head with.”

But the farmer said,

“Go and get me some bread. Then I will give you the corn.”

Then Chanticleer went to the baker and said,

“Oh, baker, dear baker, please give me some bread. The bread I will give to the farmer. The farmer will give me some corn. The corn I will give to the sheep. The sheep will give me some wool. The wool I will give to the old woman, and the old woman will give me a rag to tie up my head with.”

And the baker said,

“Go and get me some wood, then I will give you the bread.”

And Chanticleer went away to the forest, and said,

“Oh, forest, dear forest, give me some wood. The wood I will give to the baker. The baker will give me some

bread. The bread I will give to the farmer. The farmer will give me some corn. The corn I will give to the sheep. The sheep will give me some wool. The wool I will give to the old woman, and the old woman will give me a rag to tie up my head with."

The forest said,

"If you will bring me a little water, I will give you some wood."

So Chanticleer went away to the brook and said,

"Oh, brook, dear brook, give me some water. The water I will give to the forest. The forest will give me some wood. The wood I will give to the baker. The baker will give me some bread. The bread I will give to the farmer. The farmer will give me some corn. The corn I will give to the sheep.

The sheep will give me some wool. The wool I will give to the old woman, and the old woman will give me a rag to tie up my head with."

And the brook said,

"Poor Chanticleer! You may take all the water you want."

So Chanticleer took the water to the forest. The forest gave him some wood. He took the wood to the baker. The baker gave him some bread. He took the bread to the farmer. The farmer gave him some corn. He took the corn to the sheep. The sheep gave him some wool. He took the wool to the old woman, and the old woman gave him a rag to tie up his head with.

Ape a



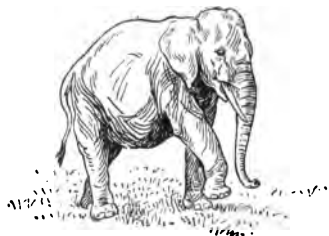
Donkey d



Bear b



Elephant e



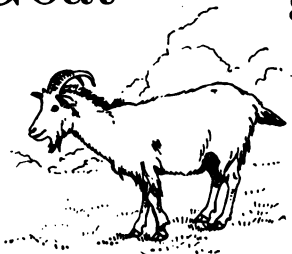
Camel c



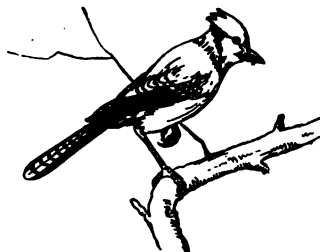
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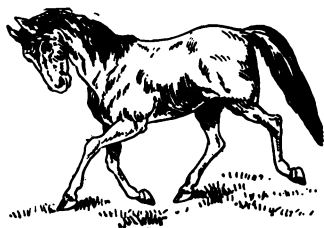
Goat g



Jay j



Horse h



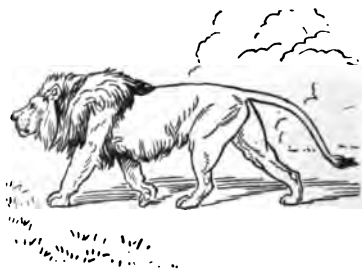
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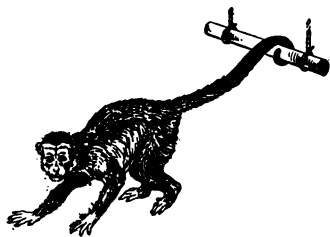
Indian i



Lion l



Monkey m



Parrot p



Nuthatch n



Quail q



Ostrich o



Reindeer r



Squirrel s



Wolf w



Tiger t



Xerxes x



Unicorn u



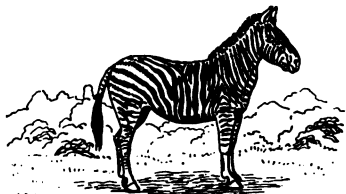
Yak y



Vulture v



Zebra z



PHONIC CHART I

ay	ail	ate	ame	ain
ray	wail	late	lame	rain
stray	quail	plate	blame	train
all	ark	ank	ink	ing
tall	park	rank	rink	ring
stall	spark	crank	drink	spring
am	ell	ill	eep	est
ram	well	kill	weep	rest
tram	swell	skill	sweep	crest
aw	ew	eat	eam	orn
law	few	heat	cream	corn
claw	flew	wheat	scream	scorn
ight	ed	id	ook	ub
light	led	lid	rook	rub
flight	sled	slid	brook	scrub

PHONIC CHART II

at	et	it	ot	ut
cat	set	lit	pot	hut
scat	wet	flit	spot	shut
ag	eg	ig	og	ug
lag	beg	wig	log	mug
flag	leg	twig	flog	snug
ap	ep	ip	op	up
rap	kept	lip	top	upper
trap	slept	slip	stop	supper
ack	eck	ick	ock	uck
crack	neck	tick	clock	luck
an	en	in	on	un
and	end	wind	pond	under
an	en	in	on	un
ane	een	ine	lone	tune
pane	seen	fine	bone	June

PHONIC CHART III

at	men	hid	hop	cub
ate	mean	hide	hope	cube
ade	eed	ide	ole	oy
made	feed	ride	hole	boy
alk	ear	ind	oat	ound
walk	dear	find	coat	round
ast	eet	ice	ore	own
fast	beet	nice	more	down
and	ent	ine	ong	ought
stand	went	mine	long	bought

anything	anywhere	their	thin
something	somewhere	then	thought
everything	everywhere	these	through
any one	anybody	those	think
some one	somebody	this	thick
every one	everybody	there	thing
nowhere	nobody	than	thank

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